THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 378, *Vol* 3.)

WHEN he speaks of himself, says an amiable French writer, in defence of the egotism of Rousseau, *when he speaks of himself, he speaks of me;* and it is to be confessed that, whatever an authour may lose in dignity, by making himself the subject of his compositions, he gains in the interest he bestows upon them. He presents us with true pictures from among the multitude that may be drawn of the human heart; he draws from the life; even though the prominent feature may be affectation. We may say, affectation; because, if man falsely describe, for instance, his ruling passion, still this mistake, or this affectation, is an object of curiosity.

Mr. Cooper, in adopting the sentiments and numbers of Chapelle, Gresset, and others, has also learned the French habit of speaking much of himself. The precept *know thyself*, is justly reckoned one of the wisest; but to speak of ourselves is not to be done without some caution. Mr. Cooper has occasionally so spoken of himself, both in prose and verse, as to inspire his readers with the unpleasant idea of a certain vanity in his composition, but it is by no means intended to apply this censure to every thing he has said of his own character, a theme, however, on which, it will be found, he is fond of dilating. In his first Epistle he thus describes his literary ease:

On me, my Lord, on humble me,
The intellectual train attends;
Science oft seeks my company,
And Fancy's children are my friends.
Here, blest with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great;
For who—that with enjoyment sees
The Laughs and Graces at his gate,
And little Loves attending nigh,
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,
To wing his orders through the sky,
Whilst warbling Muses round him shed
Sweet flow'rs which on Parnassus blow—
Would wish these thorny paths to tread
Which slaves and courtiers only know

Thanks to my ancestors and heav'n,
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far, far better company
Than those who on the court attend,
In honourable drudgery.
Warriours and statesmen of old Rome
Duly observe my levee-day,
And wits from polish'd Athens come
Occasional devoirs to pay.
With me great Plato often holds
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,
And attick Xenophon unfolds
Rich honey from Lyceum's flow'rs;
Cæsar and Tully oft tend me;
Anacreon rambles in my grove;
Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine;
Catullus makes, on haycocks, love:

With these, and some akin to these,
The living few who grace our days,
I live, in literary ease;
My chief delight their taste to please
With soft and unaffected lays.
Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind Fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and state,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss, be mine!

In the Apology of Aristippus, he thus pleads for his attachment to the lighter Muse:

But, should you ask me, why I choose,
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,
The least considerable Muse?
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud epic sound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung
From some immortal ancestry,
Clad in th' impenetrable arms,
By Vulcan forg'd! my lyre is strung
With softer chords; my Muse, more free,
Wanders through Pindus' humbler ways,
In amiable simplicity:
Unstudied are her artless lays,
She asks no laurel for her brows;
Careless of censure or of praise,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happiness than fame,
To the proud bay prefers the rose,
Nor barters pleasure for a name.
On Nature's lap reclined at ease,
I listen to her heavenly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to please,
From her receive th' harmonious tune,
And what the goddess makes my song,
In unpremeditated rhyme,
Mellifluous flows; whilst young Desire,
Cull'd from the Elysian bloom of spring,
Strews flowers immortal round my lyre,
And Fancy's sportive children bring
From blossom'd grove and lilied mead
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The most, though softest of the nine,
Euterpe, Muse of gayety,
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,
Allur'd my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat Euterpe plays,
Where Science, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd listens to her lays
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

To which he adds this final defence:

If still the cynick censor says,
That Aristippus' useless days
Pass in melodious foolery,
This is my last apology:
Whatever has the pow'r to bless,
By living, having learnt to prize,
Since Wisdom will afford me less
Than what from harmless follies rise,
I cannot spare from happiness
A single moment to be wise.

In the Temper of Aristippus is an avowed imitation of Gresset, in a passage which such of our readers as are acquainted with the French language will be pleased to compare with the original:

A la sombre misanthropie
Je ne dois pas ces sentimens;
D'une fausse philosophie
Je haïs les vains raisonnemens,
Et jamais la bigoterie
Ne décida mes jugemens.
Une indifférence suprême,
Voilà mon principe et ma loi;
Tout lieu, tout destin, tout système,
Par-là, devient égal pour moi;
Où je vois naître la journée,
Là, content j'en attend la fin,
Prêt à partir le lendemain,
Si l'ordre de la destinée
Vient m'ouvrir un nouveau chemin.

Sans m'opposer un goût rebelle
A ce domaine souverain,
Je me suis fait du sort humain
Une peinture trop fidelle;
Souvent dans les champêtres lieux
Ce portrait frappera vos yeux.
En promenant vos revêries
Dans le silence des prairies,
Vous voyez un foible rameau,
Qui, par les jeux du vague Eole
Enlevé de quelque arbrisseau,
Quitte sa tige, tombe, vole
Sur la surface d'un ruisseau;
Là, par une invincible perte,
Forcé d'errer et de changer,
Ill flotte au gré de l'onde errante;
Et, d'un mouvement étranger,
Souvent il paroit, il surnage,
Souvent il est au fond des eaux;
Il rencontre sur son passage
Tous les jours des pays nouveaux:
Tantot un rivage sauvage
Et ses déserts abondonnés;
Parmi ses erreurs continués
Il fuit, il vogue jusqu'au jour
Qui l'ensevelit à son tour
Au sein de ses mers inconnues
Où tout s'abyme sans retour.

Thus, not by black misanthropy
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
But when by chance or humour led,
My wandering feet those regions tread,
Taught by philosophy so sweet
To shun the fellowship of ease,
Far from the world I go, to meet
Such pleasures as inhabit there.

With rebel will I'll ne'er oppose
The current of my destiny,
But, pliant, as the torrent flows,
Receive my course implicitly.
As, from some shaded river's side
If chance a tender osier's blown
Subject to the controling tide,
The obedient shrub is carried down.
Awhile it floats upon the streams,
By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
Then mounts again where Titan's beams
Upon the shining waters glow.
Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,
Cities and solitudes by turns,
Or where a dreary desert burns
In sorrowful obscurity.
For many a league the wand'rer's borne,
By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
Till, carried never to return,
'Tis buried in the boundless main.
Thus Aristippus forms his plan,
To ev'ry change of times and fates
His temper he accommodates;
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily bliss he celebrates.
An osier on the stream of time,
This philosophick wanderer,
Floating through ev'ry place and clime,
Finds some peculiar blessing there.
Where'er the winding current strays,
By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,
He'll sport till all his jocund days
Are lost in life's eternal main.

The verses which commence this poem convey a very agreeable idea of what the authour professes to describe, his temper:

I've oft, Melissa, heard you say,
'The world observes I never wear
'An aspect gloomy or severe;
'That, constitutionally gay,
'Whether the clouds obscure the sky,
'Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,
'In Pleasure's true philosophy,
'I pass the winged hours away.'

In the Apology is a flattering tribute to the French Muses, in which the name of Gresset is conspicuous, particularly as that of the authour of Ver-Vert:

From silver Lema's transparent streams
With roses and with lilies crown'd,
Breathing the same heart-easing themes,
And tun'd in amicable sound,
Sweet bards of kindred spirit, blow
Soft Lydian notes on Gallick reeds,
Whose songs instruct us how to know
Truth's flow'rs from Affectation's weeds.
Chapelle leads up the festive band;
Lafarre and Chaulieu, hand in hand,
Close follow their poetick sire,
Hot with the Teïan grape and fire.
But, hark! as sweet as western wind
Breathes from the vi'lets' fragrant beds,
When balmy dews Aurora sheds,
Gresset's clear pipe, distinct behind,
Symphoniously combines in one
Each former bard's mellifluous tone.
Gresset, in whose harmonious verse
The Indian bird shall never die;
Though Death may perch on Ver-Vert's hearse,
Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse
His variable loquacity.

Ver-Vert has long been ranked among the most elegant of the mock-heroick poems. It has not the dignity and strong satire of the *Lutrin*, nor the rich invention of the *Rape of the Lock:* but it is distinguished by its lightness, gayety, and ease. Gresset was bred a Jesuit; but his wit procured him a dismission from that society. The story of the poem is briefly this: Ver-Vert is a parrot, belonging to the Visitandines of Nevers, and an extraordinary favourite with the whole sisterhood. The young novices treat him with sugar-plums and sweet-meats; the mothers teach Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters. So much does he profit by his instructions, that his fame spreads to a convent of the same order at Nantes, the nuns of which send an earnest request that the edifying bird may be permitted to pay them a visit. He is accordingly sent to them by the Loire; but, during the voyage, having for his fellow-passengers two or three dragoons, and other persons not over-nice in their language, he unfortunately forgets all the pious aspirations of the convent, and learns the reprobate discourse of his new companions, in which he accosts the nuns of Nantes. The latter, struck with horrour at his graceless conversation, so different from what they had been taught to expect, send him back to Nevers, where the change in his manners excites equal dismay. Ver-Vert, in consequence of the most lenient of the sentences proposed to be passed against him, is condemned to a penitentiary cell, and bread and water; and when, from his early reformation, the period of his disgrace is shortened, the joy and affection of the youn-

ger nuns lead them to feast him so profusely that he is literally killed with kindness. Such is the outline of the tale. Gresset has given infinite spirit, by having thrown so much of character into his hero, and who appears in the first part a novice, innocent and demure, and after his transformation, a lively rake.

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

The educator's care, above all things, should be first to lay in his charge the foundation of religion and virtue. WALKER.

It is worthy of remark, that a disposition to murmuring and discontent is more observable among men, than an inclination to be pleased and satisfied; they industriously collect causes of care and uneasiness, but ungratefully permit to pass unnoticed innumerable occasions for joy and thankfulness. This can be accounted for in no other way, than by supposing that they establish in their minds, as essential to happiness, certain principles which have no real existence in truth. Hence they become the constant slaves to care and anxiety, and the dupes of their own imaginations. The ambitious man pursues false glory with an ardent pace, regardless of every other object, leaping over the boundaries of reason and prudence, and frequently trampling on all the obligations of natural justice: such a man considers greatness to be the desired good, though he barters health, peace of mind, and a safe conscience, to obtain the glittering prize, whose lustre fades in the possession. The man of business places riches in the most conspicuous point of view, and travels after it, totally regardless of all mental gratification, further than what he receives from the perusal of the Ledger or the Tables of Interest. True it is, that, so long as he is thus engaged, he does not feel the vacuity in his mind, nor does he begin to be miserable till he conceives that he is going to be happy, and to enjoy himself in a retirement from business: it is then that his time begins to hang heavy, and that his leisure is irksome: he is then at a loss what to do; he has no resources within himself, no treasure of the mind, without which the treasure of the world amounts to nothing.

This unhappy disease of the understanding is the constant companion of the vulgar mind. But we must not apply the epithet (as is sometimes falsely done) to the poor or illiterate only; the unseemly weed is frequently found in the cultivated gardens of taste, and the energetick shoots of a strong capacity are discoverable in the inhospitable wastes of poverty. It is, however, the work of instruction that calls forth the powers which constitute the true happiness of man; and one part of instruction, more valuable than the knowledge of languages or fashionable accomplishments, may be given to all; namely, that we are placed here with never-failing laws of truth and religion to guide us; that much happiness is within our reach; that it is our own mistakes and prejudices, and reciprocal perversenesses, that mix the alloy; and that it is possible, with reason and religion, charity and love, to enjoy contentment without the refinements of the understanding. Let the principles of truth be established in the mind, and there can be no deformity, though unadorned with education and science.

It appears from hence, that the system of modern education is extremely defective; that it begins at the wrong end, and, like teaching a language without the rules of grammar, proceeds to every accomplishment but truth, which is frequently left to accidental instruction; whereas virtue should be taught in every language, and imbued in every lesson, since it is chiefly owing to the want of certain and fixed principles in their conduct through life that men become entangled in errours and prejudices, which embitter or destroy the happiness that they might otherwise have enjoyed.

Perhaps a philosophical mind could not employ itself better than in the detection of those defects which tend to the misery of mankind; it might awaken some to a sense of their true interests, and withdraw others from their received prejudices. It was a duty of this kind which engaged me lately to pay a visit to two established seminaries for the education of females. The mistress of the first taught in her school, and she herself told me, every thing fashionable, fillagree, and straw work, the tambourine, and the new reel steps; and with great exultation produced her pupils as specimens of her ability: but it unfortunately happened, that every thing took a wrong turn; I fancied in every infant face the outlines of pride, ill-temper, vanity, and affectation; and pictured to my imagination her misled children growing up in errour, vice, and wretchedness.

A few days afterward, a walk to a well-regulated school in the village of Newington in some measure relieved me from the impression which Mrs. Rigadoon's mode of education had left upon my mind: here, from the propriety of manners in the mistress, I promised myself a real gratification from the sight of her family; nor was I disappointed. On my entrance into the school-room, I imagined myself in a tasteful garden, where, in a rich parterre, the most beautiful flowers were arranged with symmetry and order, and displayed the skill and understanding of the artist who had raised them; youth, health, innocence, and gayety, were pictured in every face; all was lovely and unsullied. I now felt the advantages of a virtuous education rush upon my mind, and fancied that I saw before me the dutiful daughter, the faithful wife, and the affectionate mother.

Happy would it be if parents would cease to encourage those seminaries whose conductors do not mingle the instructions of piety and reason with the accomplishments of a modern education, and which only serve to fit out a young female mind with vanities and follies suitable to the depravity of the age. But it unfortunately happens in these days, that the ill-judging mother must have her child what she calls *extremely well-bred;* never considering, that to become a truly fine lady, she must necessarily have a fine understanding, and a virtuous mind.

One of the most distinguished among the modern *extremely well-bred*, was Miss Artemisa Pullet, the daughter of an eminent poulterer in Leadenhall market, whose indulgent mamma, a little fat woman, about four feet in height, but big with importance, settled the preliminaries of the mode of education herself with the mistress of a boarding-school at Hackney, and desired particularly that her child should *larn* every thing genteel. Miss had no objection to borrow the peacock's feathers, and astonished mamma and papa with her taste and elegance in dress. True, indeed, Mr. Peter Pullet, would sometimes revolve in his mind, over a pipe of tobacco at the *Pigeons*, a publick-house, the necessity of her being, as he called it, so *high-finished*, and would sometimes open his mind to his neighbour, Mr. Brisket the butcher. Being a very sensible man, it was a considerable time before he had become thoroughly reconciled to the name of Artemisa, or even, indeed, before he could properly pronounce it; but his wife had assured him that it was perfectly genteel, and he acquiesced: yet, when vexed sometimes at a bad debt, or a dear market, he could not help muttering to himself indistinctly the words "fine names—Miss Artemisa," and "cursed nonsense."

It happened, however, that Mr. Peter Pullet, wisely foreseeing that his accomplished daughter would soon give him a conspicuous place in the gazette, very ingeniously made a transfer of her and her extravagances to his neighbour Mr. Crossgrain, a wholesale woolen-draper, by an elegant wedding, which nearly stripped him of all his stock, dead and alive; so that not even a turkey was left gobbling for food in the cellar.

Two extraordinary characters were now united in the bands of Hymen

Mrs. Crossgrain, as it might have been expected, had a mind stored with the common rubbish of ignorance and absurdity; pride was her predominant passion, and folly and perverseness accompanied most of her actions. Notwithstanding her boarding-school education, she had a remarkable fluency of bad language, a curious mixture of her mamma's native tongue, and the affected dialect of her governess; added to this, she had a happy knack of miscomprehension, and was extremely fond of argument.

As for Mr. Crossgrain, his ideas did not extend beyond a tailor's pattern-card; but he had saved a large fortune, and was now determined to retire and enjoy it. It was not long, however, before he discovered, that in a wife he had bought a piece of goods of which he was no judge, and that his first step toward enjoying himself was a step backward. Mrs. Crossgrain in nothing resembled himself; he liked his dinner at two o'clock, she liked it at five; he liked apple dumplings, and she had an aversion to them; he loved his pipe, and she insisted that he should never smoke; he was frugal and she extravagant. It may easily be conceived, according to this scale of happiness, that Mr. Crossgrain had but few opportunities to enjoy himself: time after time he wished he had never married, till, as luck would have it, one day his dear Artemisa was thrown out of a one-horse chaise at Epsom races, and never afterwards recovered the fright; a few months only elapsed before he buried half his troubles. Mr. Crossgrain now seriously set about enjoying himself; but presently found a single life insupportable; his housekeeper spoiled his water gruel, and his toast in the morning was too much buttered. Sometimes he wished himself married again, though not to a second Artemisa; but, as he could not find a wife to his mind, he employed himself anxiously in new schemes of happiness. The country was represented to him as the place for true enjoyment, and thither he retired, that is, to *Islington*, to a pretty house with a large garden; but the grubs ate his cabbage plants, and the sparrows his radish seed; the boys stole his fruit, and the cats broke his cucumber glasses: in short, disgusted at so many disappointments, he left the *country*, and once more came to town, but was as much as ever at a loss for amusement; he could not talk politicks at the publick-house, he hated cards, and disliked plays: at last, a kind friend suggested to him that he should go into the North, and amuse himself with hunting and shooting: hunting and shooting were now all his conversation; till, at length, he actually set out to pay a visit to an old acquaintance who lived a few miles from Edinburgh: he was now quite delighted with the idea of shooting widgeons; till one day, when it happened to be low water, his companions pursued their sport out upon a bar that ran into the sea, followed by our adventurer, who was mudded up to the middle in an instant: his brother sportsmen extricated him, however, from this difficulty; but, Mr. Crossgrain from that hour gave up shooting bar-widgeons, and returned to town,

Riding was Mr. Crossgrain's next attempt at amusement; but unfortunately meeting with a broken-knee'd mare, he came down over her head on the Hampstead road, and never got upon her back again.

Mr. Crossgrain was now told by somebody of the charms of musick, and actually went to the Opera; but a bravura song from Signora Squalinitini put him into a sound sleep which lasted till the entertainment was over.

Poor Mr. Crossgrain had no resource left for enjoyment, unless he turned drunkard; but drinking being *unfortunately* no propensity of his, he was incapable of tasting even that luxury. Thus circumstanced, he got out of temper with every thing, and found that he gave up enjoyment the moment he gave up business.

Let no one be alarmed at the history of Mr. Crossgrain. A small stock of good nature and understanding will preserve a man from the insupportable vacuum felt by the unhappy being whose mind is an unprofitable waste,

where nothing has been planted but the seeds of avarice. Let the man of business unbend, at times, to relaxation, and he will become acquainted with means of amusement both rational and permanent; and when the moment arrives that he shall be enabled, from the fruits of his industry, to retire from its fatigues, the duties of religion and morality, which have been perhaps, too much neglected, will open a source of pleasure and instruction that will refresh his mind with wholesome and delightful precepts, calculated for the happiness of man; he will then find no void or space but what may be occupied to advantage in the contemplation of the Divine Goodness, and the end of his own being.

This Essay may be properly concluded with some reflections of Mr. Addison's. "An idle being is a kind of monster in the creation, all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them—that they do not know what to do with themselves! How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation, to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue; and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Southey's description of the Spanish stage is not only very witty, but very faithful.

The characters in a comick opera were represented by the most ill-looking men and women I ever saw. The man's dress was a threadbare coat, and dirty corduroy vest and breeches, his beard was black, his neckloth not white, and Jack Ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A farce followed, and our hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes, to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and, we agreed, that the loss of his head would be a great addition to his beauty. The prompter stood before a little tin screen, not unlike a man in a cheese toaster. The scene that fell between the acts would disgrace a puppet show at an English fair. On one side was a hill, in size and shape like a sugar loaf, with a temple on the summit exactly like a watch-box. On the other, Parnassus with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such was the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over an ant hill. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded with flabby Cupids.

Each mule harnassed to a Spanish coach has sixteen bells. The Spaniards' motives for using them are, that the mules like the musick, and, that as all the bells are marked with a crucifix, the *devil* cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal. This has been a common superstition, and one is surprised to hear it derided, with much wit and humour in a grave and scientifick work. The compilers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* inform us, that the passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes; one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other, to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot, and about the house, ready to seize their prey; or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us, that evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof,

and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the great bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirit must go further off to be clear of the sound!

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It is well known that Voltaire was of opinion, that coffee cleared the brain, and stimulated the genius His practice was in unison with his theory. Of this inspiring beverage he drank copiously during the whole of his literary day. Buonaparte is likewise a great lover of the berry of Mocha. The physicians say, that he debauches with coffee. If Voltaire's opinion be just, it is no wonder the French are so lively and full of invention; for coffee is an article of which they make an uncommon consumption. Indeed, if Fame may be credited, the Prior of a monastery, in Arabia, on the word of a shepherd who had remarked that his goats were particularly *frisky*, when they had eaten the berries of the coffee tree, first made a trial of their virtue on the monks of his convent to prevent them from *sleeping, during divine service.*

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GODWIN somewhere in his "Fleetwood" thus describes the vanity and vexation of a foreign traveller, and that happiness may be sought in vain by change of place or variety of companions.

I resolved to pass over to the continent and to seek in the spectacle of different countries and the investigation of different manners, relief from the *ennui* which devoured me. This expedient seemed at first to answer my purpose. Novelty and change have a sovereign power over the human mind. But the efficacy of this remedy did not last long. Wherever I went I carried a secret uneasiness along with me. When I left Paris for Vienna, or Vienna for Madrid, I journeyed a solitary individual along the tedious road, and when I entered my inn the same solitude entered along with me.

I turned aside to examine remarkable objects, the fame of which had reached me. I visited some celebrated convent of Monks. I took the liberty to introduce myself to some elaborate collector of curiosities, to some statesman, a general retired from the busy scene, to some philosopher or poet whose lucubrations had delighted the world. I was generally fortunate enough to make my visit agreeable to the host I selected. I flattered his taste. I expressed, in the honest language of truth and feeling, the sense I entertained of his character. This sort of avocation afforded me a temporary pleasure; but it often left me in a state of more painful sensation than it found me, and impressed upon me the melancholy conviction of the unsubstantial nature of all human enjoyments.

Sometimes I joined company with a fellow traveller whom chance directed to the same point, or whom I was able, by some allurement of advantage or pleasure, to prevail upon to pursue my route. In some cases, I was disappointed in my companion, found him totally different from what, on a slight observation, I had conceived him to be, and either separated from him before half our journey was completed, or cursed a hundred times the obligation I had contracted, which perhaps for twenty days successively rendered me the slave of frigid civility. At other times it may be, the conversation of my fellow traveller afforded me an unfeigned delight; and then I bitterly regretted the fugitive nature of our intercourse. The sensation I felt was such as has been experienced by passengers in a stage-coach, who have just had time to contract a liking for each other, who have whispered to themselves how agreeable, how animated, how well-informed, or how facetious is this stranger, who have met in a domestick way at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper, who have wished each other good night at the close of the day, and met with salutations in the morning, when suddenly the vehicle whirls them into some vast city, the step of the carriage is let down,

one passes one way and another another, one calls for a chaise to convey him up the country, and another hastens with his baggage to the port.

Frequently I sojourned for two, three, or four months, in some polite or learned residence, and, when I had just time to familiarize myself with its most valuable inhabitants, was impelled to call to mind that this was not my home, and that it was time to withdraw. Why should I stay? The language, the manners, and the scene were not native to me; and it was nothing but the necessity of departing that made me regret a place, which, if I had been compelled to take up my abode in it, would speedily have lost its illusion.

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To Mr. JAMES MONTGOMERY,

On his poems, lately published.

Is there a "winter in thy soul,"
That Genius cannot shine away?
Does dark despair that heart control,
Which pants for glory's radiant day?

Have past afflictions left the trace
Of Sorrow, graved in lines so deep,
That Memory, hopeless to efface
The piteous forms, looks on to weep?

Then think that o'er thy glowing page,
Where Fancy's hues with feeling blend,
Enthusiast Youth, and temperate Age
In sympathetick rapture bend.

Think that the musick of thy strains
Attuned to Freedom's manly lyre,
Runs kindling through the patriot's veins
And lights his glimmering eyes with fire.

Think, on some day of wild alarm,
When Albion's cliffs descry the foe,
Thy voice may nerve the youthful arm
That lays the fierce invader low.

And see thy country freed, at length,
From jealous fears that haunt the slave,
And taught to call forth *all* her strength,
The hands and hearts of *all* the brave.

No more the freeborn spirit binds,
But, inly touched, delights to see
Her cause the cause of noblest minds,
Her friends the friends of Liberty.

—

Capt. Morris has, on many occasions, written songs in a spirit truly classical. He displays a fertile invention and a great command of imagery. A tone of almost unrivalled gayety pervades his Anacreonticks. It is deeply to be regretted that, like the libertine Rochester, he should ever employ and exhaust his fine genius in writing verses for the bagnio, and ballads to Phryne and Lais. The following is an honourable exception to the smutty strains of this gay officer.

When the Fancy stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And Life 's an endless treasure;
Memory decks my wasted heart
Fresh with gay desires,
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling Hope inspires.
Then who 'd be grave
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking;
And magick grapes
Give angel shapes
To every girl we 're drinking.

Here sweet Benignity and Love,
Shed their influence round me,
Gathered ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Though my head may swim, yet true
Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and Beauty swim there too,
And rock me as I 'm reeling.
Then who 'd be grave, &c.

On Youth's soft pillow, tender Truth
Her pensive lesson taught me,
Age soon mocked the dream of Youth,
And Wisdom waked and caught me.
A bargain then with Love I knocked
To hold the pleasing gipsy,
When wise, to keep my bosom locked,
But turn the key when tipsy.
Then, &c.

Life 's a voyage, we all declare,
With scarce a port to hide in,
It may be so with Pride or Care,
That 's not a sea I ride in.
Here floats my soul till Fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover,
Bright worlds which fair in prospect lie,
To him that 's half seas over.
Then, &c.

—

Burlesque of the modern sonnet.

I love to taste the nectared sweets of morn,
To climb the brow of purple tinted hills,
While Philomela warbles on the thorn,
Responsive to the babble of the rills.
I love to stroll along the grass grown vale,
When Evening clads the fields in sober gray,

And meet the buxom milk maid on her way,
Returning with the full replenished pail.
I love to loiter by the streamlet's side,
And sit me on its daisied banks, to view
Night's argent orb reflected in the tide,
Rolling along the inverted arch of blue:
But more I love—yes more do I hold dear,
A *pickled Herring and a Pot of Beer.*

—

The following, though not close nor servile, is one of the most spirited versions we ever met, of the 13th Ode of the first book of HORACE.

When clasped within your lover's arms,
On his fine form and roseate charms,
Your tongue with ceaseless rapture dwells
My bursting heart with anger swells,
My cheeks, now red, now pale, proclaim
What passions agitate my frame;
My sighs, my tears, my anguish prove
Alas! too well, how much I love.
When the fond youth, half mad with bliss,
Prints on thy neck a burning kiss,
I burst with rage, of sense bereft,
To view the mark his tooth has left.
But hope not he will constant prove,
Who thus profanes the kiss of love;
That kiss with sweets and cordial filled,
From lovely Venus' cup distilled.
Thrice happy they whose hearts and hands
Are joined in soft Affection's bands,
Who free from care and void of strife,
Still loved and loving end their life.

—

The snowdrop is an interesting object in the fields or gardens of England, as the harbinger of Flora, and the contrast to winter. This flower has been finely described by Mrs. Smith.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Like pendant flakes of vegetating snow,
The early herald of the infant year,
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds appear.
While still the cold north-east ungenial lowers,
And scarce the hazel in the leafless copse
Or sallows show their downy powdered flowers,
The grass is spangled with thy silver drops.

Yet, when those pallid blossoms shall give place
To countless tubes of richer hue and scent,
Summer's gay blooms and Autumn's yellow race,
I shall thy pale inodorous bells lament.

So journeying onward in life's varying track,
Even while warm youth its bright illusion lends,
Fond Memory often with regret looks back
To childhood's pleasures and to infant friends.

—

TO A NOSEGAY

IN PANCHARILLA'S BOSOM.

Must you alone then, happy flow'rs—
Ye short-liv'd sons of vernal show'rs,
Must you alone be still thus blest,
And dwell in Pancharilla's breast?
Oh would the gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I should not sure so quickly die,
I should not so inactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair globe of snow,
Enjoy ten thousand thousand blisses,
And print on each ten thousand kisses.
Nor would I rest till I had found
Which globe was softest, which most round,
Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,
Or the left bosom, or the right;
Which was the warmest, easiest bed,
And which was tipp'd with purest red.
Nor could I leave the beauteous scene,
Till I had traced the path between,
That milky-way so smooth and even,
That promises to lead to Heaven.
But ah! those wishes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be blest,
The nymph unveals her snowy breast,
While to her slave's desiring eyes,
The heavenly prospect she denies:
Too cruel fate, too cruel fair,
To place a senseless nosegay there,
And yet refuse my lips the bliss
To taste one dear transporting kiss

—

.....

In climes remote, on India's shore,
A banish'd lover droops and sighs,
When to his gloomy mind once more,
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,
The blighted wretch who loves in vain;
To keenest misery is born,
Curs'd with a life of ceaseless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
'Twas love that drove him far from home;
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

A nymph, enchanting as the morn,
Lovely as May in blooming charms,

Whose mind kind nature's gift adorn,
And whose pure heart each virtue warms.

Stole with a Syren's spell his heart;
A heart alas! too warm, too true!
No wish'd return could she impart,
For hope, delusive mock'd his view.

Now, frenzied and in deep despair,
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,
He flies the dear obdurate fair
And seeks the boist'rous stormy seas.

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,
Such kindred horrours grief assuage,
And pleas'd he hears the tempest rave.

Unconscious he of danger, fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen
Of livid flashes darting near
While darken'd horrours intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemn'd a wanderer far to roam,
He seeks a savage distant shore;
Dead to the world, a prey to love;
And thinks of happiness no more.

—

SONNET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Short is the time the oldest being lives,
Nor has longevity one *hour* to waste;
Life's duties are proportion'd to the haste
With which it fleets away;—each day receives
Its task, that if neglected, surely gives
The morrow *double* toil.—Ye, who have pass'd
In idle sport the days that fled so fast,
Days, that nor Grief recalls, nor care retrieves,
At length be wise, and think, that of the part
Remaining in that vital period given,
How short the date, and at the prospect start,
Ere to the extremest verge your steps be driv'n!
Nor let a moment unimprov'd depart,
But view it as the *latest* trust of Heaven!

—

We do not instantly remember from what source the following remarks are drawn. While we praise their ingenuity we are not fully prepared to acknowledge their truth. Henry I, of England, Erasmus, Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and a host of eminent characters, were men of business as well as scholars and students.

They who endure the toil of study with a view to riches and honours will be very much disappointed. All the world has heard of a French treatise on the Miseries of the Learned, but none has appeared descriptive of their felicities. In fact, the retired life, the inactivity with respect to all business in common life, or publick employments, which an attention to study requires, and the abstraction of mind and love of solitude so peculiar to the student, are all circumstances averse to the acquisition of wealth. He on whom the muses have smiled in his infancy will scorn the praises of the multitude, the fascination of wealth, and the inticements of honours; and will find that his toil is the only adequate reward which can satisfy the mind of a scholar.

—

Dr. Beattie's beautiful translation of Metastasio's *L'onda del mare divisa.*

Waters from the ocean borne
Bathe the valley and the hill,
Prisoned in the fountain mourn,
Warble down the wand'ring rill.

But, wherever doomed to stray,
Still they murmur and complain,
Still pursue their lingering way,
'Till they join their native main.

After many a year of wo,
Many a long long wandering past,
Where at first they learned to flow,
There they hope to rest at last.

—

Some years ago, we amused ourselves with comparing Dryden's celebrated version, with Drummond's, of that famous passage in Persius where the poet introduces the clashing powers of Avarice and Voluptuousness exerting their respective influence upon the hesitating, though waxen mind of a juvenile nobleman. In one of our latest reviews, a new translation by an anonymous authour is announced. We give the following as a specimen. It is wonderfully spirited. It is in the very tone of the original, and perhaps we might be justified in saying, that

the translator has surpassed DRYDEN himself.

" Sluggard awake," imperious Avarice cries,
" See morning dawns; awake, I say, arise."
Yawning, you beg another nap to take,
" Up, up," " O spare me," wake ! I can't awake,
And prythee what are your commands, say you,
What, answers Avarice, why what *should* you do?
But run forthwith to port and issue thence
The oil, the fish, the flax, and frankincense,
The Coan wines? Be foremost to unpack
The pepper from the thirsting camel's back,
Go, turn the penny, traffick for the pelf,
And, if your interest needs, forswear yourself.
But what if Jupiter should overhear?
Fool, if you feel of Jupiter a fear,
If qualms of conscience choak the rising lie,
Give up your trade, and STARVE ON HONESTY;
Your salt dish still with patient finger bore,
And lick the emptied platter o'er and o'er.

All hands aloft, the voyage they prepare,
See, bales and baggage to the strand they bear.
And now no obstacles your bark retain,
Ready to waft you o'er the Egean main;
When lo! persuasive Luxury draws near,
And beckoning, softly whisper in your ear
" What are you seeking, madman, do you know?
Why all this hurrying, whither would you go?
What frantick fires within your bosom rage,
That loads of hemlock never can assuage?
You tempt the ocean, *you* the tempest brave?
You court the hardships of the wind and wave?
You get your dinner perched upon a cable?
The deck your parlour, and a plank your table?
You suck from the broad can, besmeared with tar,
The musty lees of Veian vinegar?
And all for what? why truly, not content
To nurse at home a modest five per cent,
You must, the faster to increase your store
From every hundred pounds thrust out five more,
Indulge your genius, drive dull Care away,
And seize the pleasures of the present day,
To Mirth and Joy the passing moment give
" For not to live at ease is not to live."

—

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

The sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;
In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,
And calm Meditation led forward the hours:
I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,
I sung of an exile forlorn, broken hearted,
Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,
And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry tenacious,
Presented the form I must ever esteem;
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas, how fallacious!
Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.
Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,
The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection,
Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
On which cheering hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms unfold;
In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers singing,
When each soft affection is dormant and cold.
E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his treasure,
So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,
So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
Around it Affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek Resignation supporting the spirit,
Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;
A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,
Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.
There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,
By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,
But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

—

SONNET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Seek not, my Lesbia, the sequester'd dale,
Or bear thou to its shades a tranquil heart;
Since rankles most in solitude the smart
Of injur'd charms, and talents, when they fail
To meet their due regard;—nor e'en prevail
Where most they wish to please:—Yet, since thy part
Is large in life's chief blessings, why desert

Sullen, the world?—Alas! how many wail
Dire loss of the best comforts Heaven can grant!
While they the bitter tear in secret pour,
Smote by the death of friends, disease, or want,
Slight wrongs if thy self-valuing soul deplore,
Thou but resemblest, in thy lonely haunt,
Narcissus pining on the watry shore.

Whether the following verses be new or old, whether they be of Paul or Apollos is of little moment. They are worthy of the perusal of the ladies.

VERSES TO A TEAR.

Pellucid drop of sacred dew,
In Sorrow's briny fountain bred,
That from the eye of mildest blue
Fall'st on the cheek of softest red.

Sweet tear! what orient gem reveals
A lustre to the Sun more bright;
Than what this limpid bosom steals
From the mild eye that swims in light.

Offspring of Sorrow, and its cure!
That through the eye reliev'st the heart,
As the descending rain drops pure
Exhaust the clouds from which they part.

Yes, to the heart thou giv'st relief,
As dews the parching flowrets cheer:
Sweet is the ecstasy of grief,
And sweet the rapture of a tear!

Hail, little sphere of ray serene,
I love thee for my Mira's sake;
Thou prov'st her heart to feeling keen,
And gentlest sympathy awake.

Pure is her bosom as thine own,
Now trembling on her cheek so fair,
That well might tempt an angel down
To kiss thee from the roses there.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPH.

Of late, the most malignant and injurious aspersions are hazarded in many a libel on our mother country.

At the name of Great Britain, many are ready to redden and to rage. But both Ancient Prejudice and Recent Rhodomontade with tongue of bluster and face of frowns must remember that we are under some trifling obligations to that hateful island.

We are indebted to her for our ancestors.

We have taken up some goods at her shop, for which even our *philosophers* have forgotten to pay. When we happen to be in a court of justice, what of that virtue is meted out to us, is borrowed from the store-houses of Hale, of Talbot, of Mansfield, and of Kenyon; who, as the devil would have it, were all "to be found in the precinct" of England. What little knowledge we have of religion, politicks, morals, literature, and the fine arts, we have derived from British sources. Thence come our best style and our purest taste.

Even our common newspaper diction, a plague upon the ingratitude of editors, is borrowed from Sir Roger L'Estrange, and Tom Durfey, and the bell-men of London and the loftiest garrets of Grub-street. Many of the Bibles, which we read were published at the *Clarendon Press*, and, if our loving countryman, the learned Dr. Morse, be right, this press is established at a place called OXFORD, which boasts of a Seminary rather ampler than that of our *Calvinistick* college of Cambridge. Several of the altars at which we kneel, and those, which *are by far* of the MOST SOLID CONSTRUCTION AND BEAUTIFUL DECORATIONS, are made from *Queen Elizabeth's pattern*. Some *scantlings* in our political building, and those the most durable and sound, were imported from Great Britain, and are to us what the pine of Norway and the hemp of St. Petersburg are to her. Lastly, with all our striving to pollute our dialect, in spite of Columbian spelling-books and dictionaries, in spite of the precepts of the Declaration and the example of the great Jefferson himself, we are still *Anglo* Galilians, and our speech betrayeth us. We speak English and it is our *mother* tongue.

EPITAPH.

On the tomb of a country apothecary,
Erected at the expense of the parish.

Hâc sub humo, per quem tot jacûere, jacet.
At length for him a quiet spot's provided,
Where, all thro' him, so many of us lie dead.

EPIGRAM.

The unlicked Cub.

When first to school a little urchin,
Fearless of usher—and of birching,
Jacky was sent;

Jack foremost was in every squabble,
And bustled well amidst the rabble,
Bold and impertinent.

Jack soon a bigger boy offended,
And in a boxing match it ended,
Spiteful they drub;

Jack owned his enemy was stronger
But, blubbering, bragged he was no longer
An unlicked cub.

MERRIMENT.

A very rich citizen of Lyons having had his nativity cast, had so arranged his affairs that his possessions should just last him to the hour of his death. However, outliving the expected period, he was absolutely reduced to beggary, and in the following terms would implore charity, "Pity a man who has lived longer than he expected."

—

A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the king, requesting his majesty would appoint him to a very important office. The king being much offended at his presumption, wrote under it, 2 Samuel, chap. x. ver. 5; and returned it. On turning to the place the young clergyman had the mortification to read these words, "Tarry at Jericho until your beard be grown."

—

The king of Prussia had heard that a corporal in one of his regiments, who was known as a handsome young man, wore, out of vanity, a watch-chain suspended from a bullet in his fob. He had the curiosity to investigate the fact, and walking purposely by him one morning, said "Why corporal, you are a brave fellow to have saved enough to buy a watch." "Sire," said the corporal "I flatter myself I am brave, but as for my watch, it is of little signification." The king pulling out a gold watch, said, "By my watch it is five; what is it by yours?" the corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied, "My watch neither tells me five nor six, but shows me clearly that I must be ready at any time to die for your majesty."

—

It having been reported to the dauphin of France, that a man in that country had made a little coach so constructed as to be drawn by fleas, he asked the prince of Conti, who he imagined made the harness? "O!" replied the prince, "probably some spider in the neighbourhood."

—

A first rate singer being suddenly taken ill just before the curtain rose for the representation of an opera, an actor of inferiour powers undertook the character designed for him. He had no sooner opened his lips to sing, than he was violently hissed; but not in the least discouraged by his reception, he came forward, and addressing the pit, said, "Pray, did any of you suppose that for my salary of forty shillings a week, I was going to give you a voice worth twenty pounds?"

—

In besieging a certain town the soldiers had been strictly forbidden to give quarter to any one. An officer however, begged hard for his life of one of the besiegers. "Ask me any thing else," replied he, "but for your *life* I cannot consent."

—

The abbé G—— was once engaged in a violent dispute with a gentleman among a large party, who being at the bottom of the table, the distance between them rendered the accomplishment of any personal insult impracticable. "Sir," said the gentleman, "if I were near you, I should give you a box on the ear, *so you may consider the blow as given.*" "And sir," replied the abbé, "were I near you, I should draw my sword, and run you through the body, *so you may consider yourself as dead.*"

—

Henry the Fourth, king of France, always made his children call him papa, or father, and not the usual ceremonious title of "sir" or "your majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, as he was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassadour entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

—

Some school-boys one day meeting a woman driving asses, said to her, "Good morning, mother of asses." "Good morning," she replied, "my dear children."

A general, being on his travels, found himself indisposed, and was obliged to stop at a little village to be bled. The barber of the village was called in to officiate; but his appearance not being very much in his favour, the general drew back his arm, just as the lancet was on the point of entering. "Ah! what you are afraid of the blood!" said the barber. "No," returned the general, "it is the *bleeder*, not the blood, I am afraid of."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Agreeably to our just expectations, and sanguine wishes, the essays, under the signature of HAMILTON, have been republished in many of the most respectable gazettes of our country. Every Federal editor of stanch principles should make it a point of honour and duty to give publicity to politicks of so correct a complexion, as distinguish this gentleman's writings. His last essay, entitled No. VI, deserves to be dispassionately perused, not only by every scholar, but by the busy and humbler members of society, by every artisan, husbandman, and manufacturer. In this excellent speculation, the authour, in a manner very honourable to his genius, combines the energy of logick with the grace of rhetorick. His information is accurate, his assertions are valid, his details are skilful, his inference is just, AND HIS ARGUMENT INVINCIBLE.

Our classical correspondent, ASMODEO to whom not only ourselves but all the polite scholars in the country have been often indebted for some of the finest pieces of poetry which have adorned The Port Folio, has, to our great joy resumed his pen, and, in a spirit of friendship grateful to the Editor, and in a spirit of literary exertion honourable to the student, has pledged himself to furnish this paper with translations, imitations and parodies of passages from the best poets of antiquity. As, in the manner of the ROLLIAD, and of CANNING and ELLIS in the Anti-Jacobin, it is proposed to make many of these translations and parodies the vehicle of *political* satire, they will be sought for with keen curiosity by all the gentlemen, the scholars and men of virtue in America who delight in the disgrace of Democracy and the triumph of Genius and sound Principle over that miserable faction, which at once oppresses and disgraces the country, which makes us distracted at home and contemptible abroad.

Our ingenious correspondent has chosen for his first theme that cutting lampoon upon a commonwealth, the 14th ode of the first book of Horace. The application which our friend has made will not only appear obvious but just to every rational man in the community. The absurdity, impolicy, and danger of a war with Great Britain is now believed by all the sagacious statesmen in the country. Indeed the very idea of a contest with that nation is of a character more lunatick than ever arose in the romantick imagination of the Knight of the Windmills. The editor of this paper will combat without ceasing all war measures against England. Our nation is impotent; with a distracted head, a palpitating heart, and mortifying extremities. We have made much noise, we have uttered many a gasconade, we have strutted up and down with a *dagger of lath*, and the *wooden* weapon of Harlequin. But in bluster our warlike note began, and in bluster will it end. We are totally unprepared for warfare. We are cursed with a pusillanimous government, a divided people, and a defenceless frontier. We have no ships, no swords, and no soldiers. Every *puny whipster* may insult us with impunity, and the frigate of any nation lay our cities in ashes. To blows judiciously aimed by foreign force we could oppose no more resistance than the miserable victim of Palsy or Epilepsy could exert against a Hercules or a Patagonian.

The review of Judge Peters's Admiralty Decisions will appear soon. Sickness has interrupted criticism, and our readers scarcely need be told that

the Influenza is not auspicious to mental exertion. As an atonement for any abatement of our industry and zeal, our patrons shall soon be furnished with MORE ORIGINAL and INTERESTING MATTER THAN HAS APPEARED AT ANY TIME SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PORT FOLIO. While great and *expensive* exertions are thus making on the part of the Editor, he trusts that the *real* friends to that establishment will take care that his Press want not its *oil* in due season.

MORTUARY.

Died on Monday, 31st August, in the 44th year of her age, deservedly esteemed, and very sincerely regretted, Miss REBECCA WHARTON, daughter of JAMES WHARTON, Esqr. formerly of this city, deceased.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The commentators have supposed, that under the image of a ship, Horace meant the Republick; and that the xivth ode of his first book was a protest against a war into which his country appeared to be rashly entering, when in a situation very unprepared for the contest. How far it might be applied to ourselves I will not pretend to say; I have merely translated it for you.

ASMODEO.

O ship! what newly veering gale, 1
What sudden breakers thus assail
And all your timbers shock?
Why tempt, a wreck, the stormy main! 2
Come, helm a lee! about again, 3
And keep within your dock.

Behold your sails yet half unbent, 4
Your spars by *Southern Tempests* rent,
And all things out of places:
And yet, you thus would brave the seas! 5
Too frail to bear a mack'rel breeze,
Without new stays and braces.

Your canvass see, a fluttering rag, 6
Hangs as neglected as your flag,
Your safety once and pride too.
No Washingtons their aid to lend, 7
On whom, alas! can you depend
'Mongst rocks and shoals to guide you.

Your timbers, once the dock-yards' boast, 8
Are now unfit to leave the coast,
In idleness worm-eaten.
The wary sailor ne'er relies 9
On painted sides. O yet, be wise, 10
Weigh not, thus weather-beaten!

Source of my pain, my toil, my care, 11
For whom still love enough I bear 12
To make a patriot frantick;
May'st thou—the gods my wish inspire—
May'st thou avoid the tempests dire, 13
That howl o'er the Atlantick!

---

1 — O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus?

2 — O quid agis?

3 — Fortiter occupa
Portum.

4 — Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant?

5 — Ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

6 — Non tibi sunt integra lintea:

7 — Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

8 — Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile:

9 — Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit.

10 — Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

11 — Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,

12 — Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,

13 — Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

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